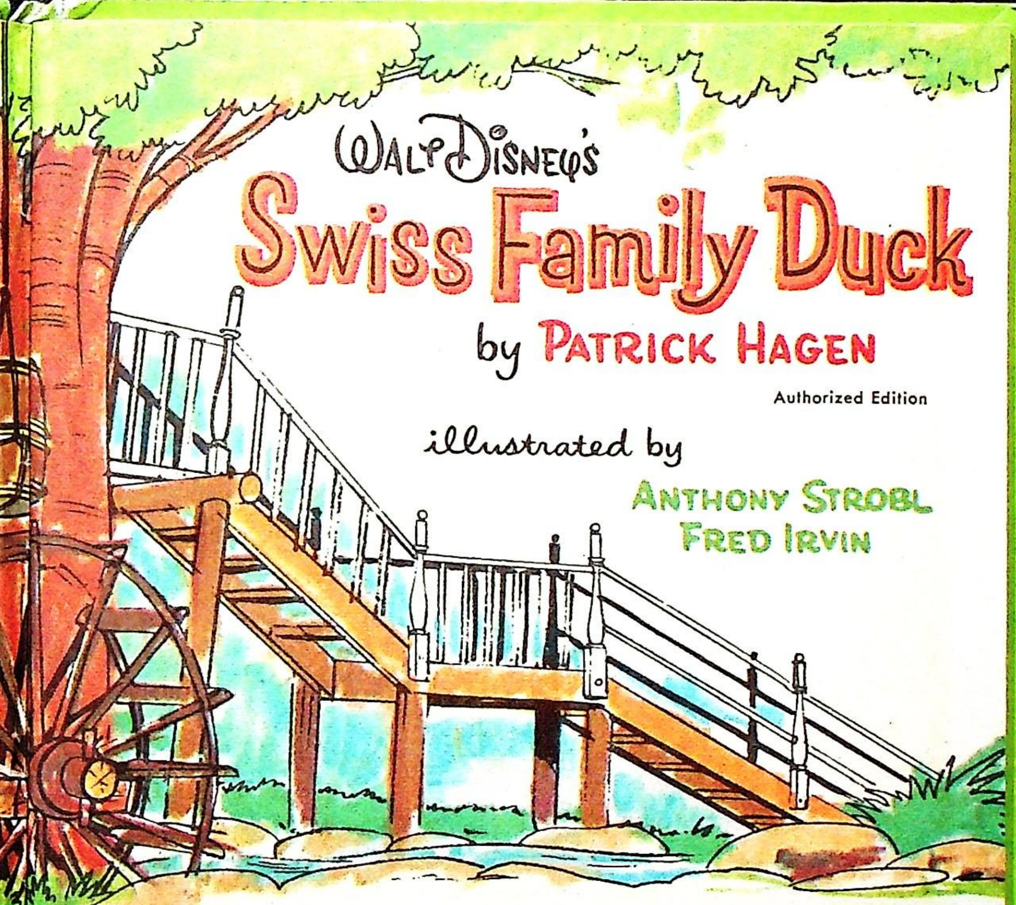
Authorized Edition

Walt Disney's Swiss Family Duck







Walt Disney's

Swiss Family Duck

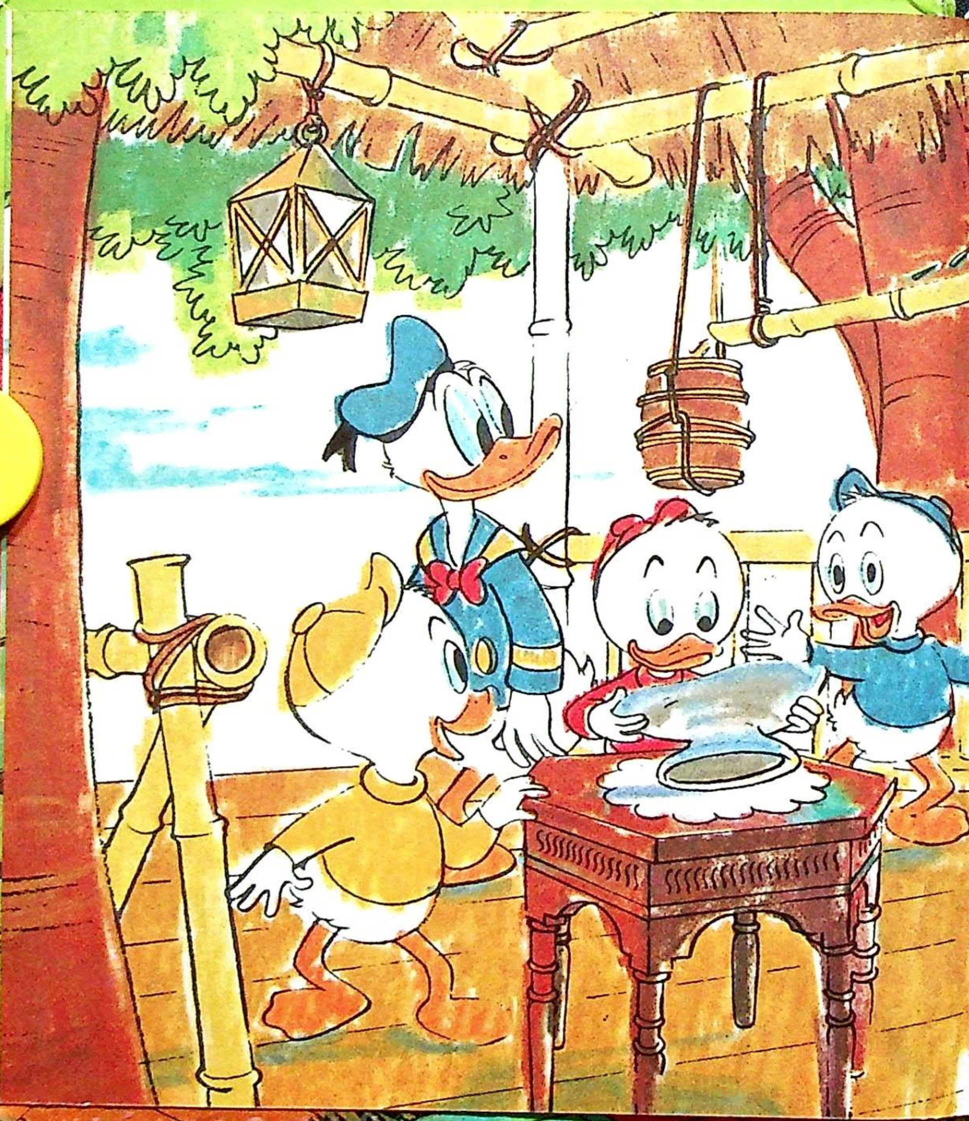
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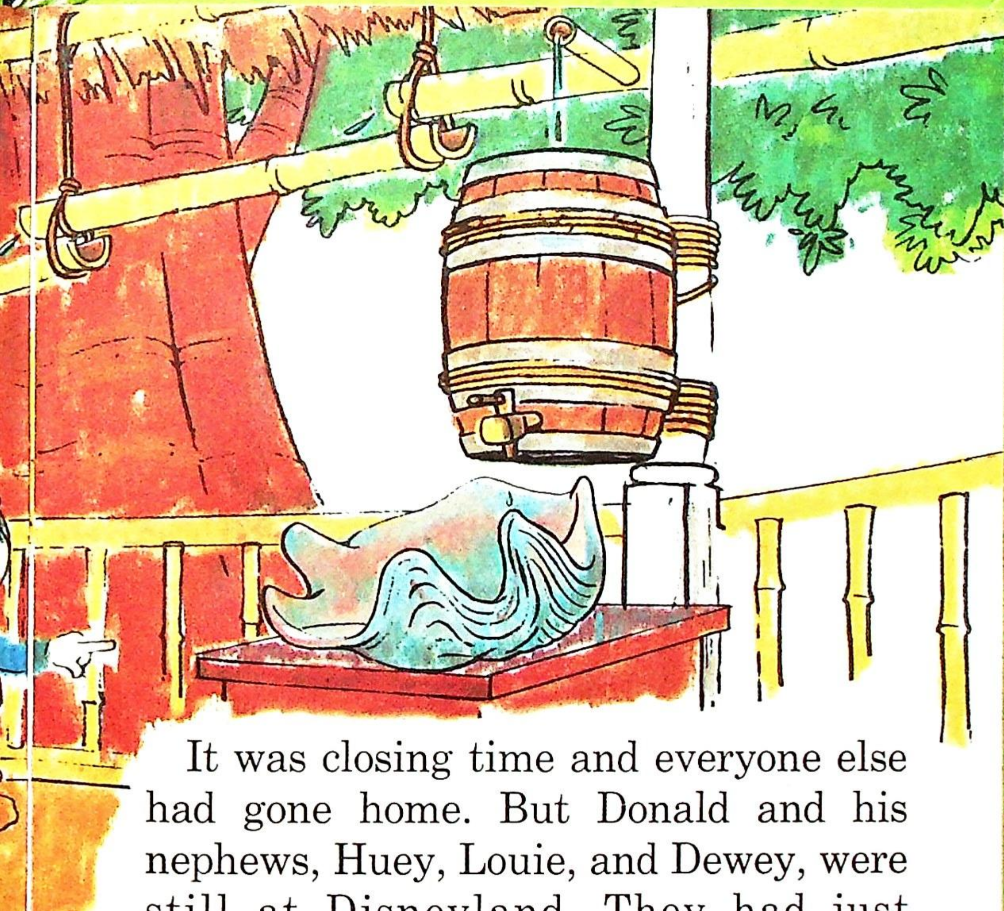
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illustrated by

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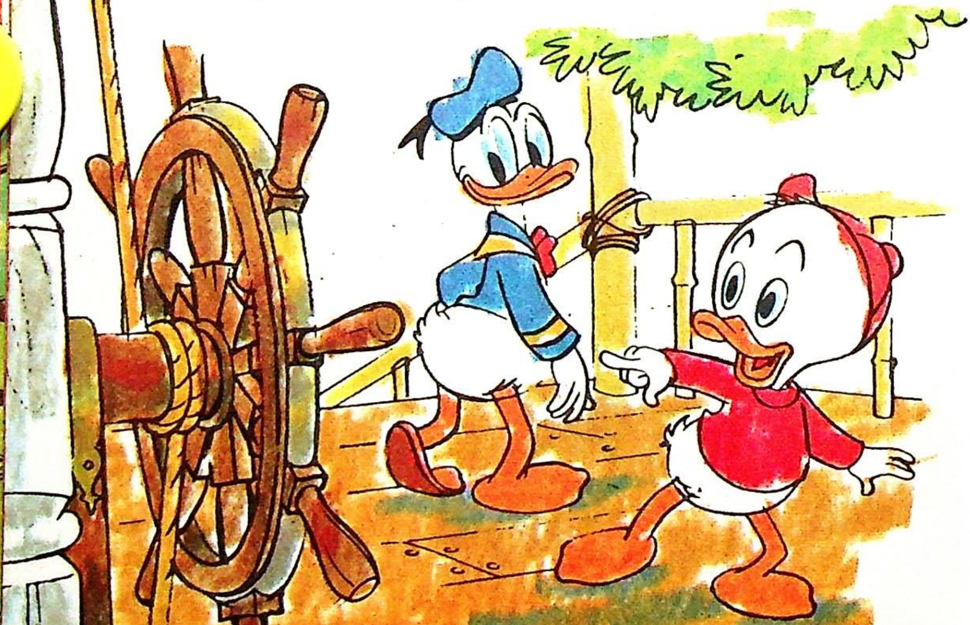


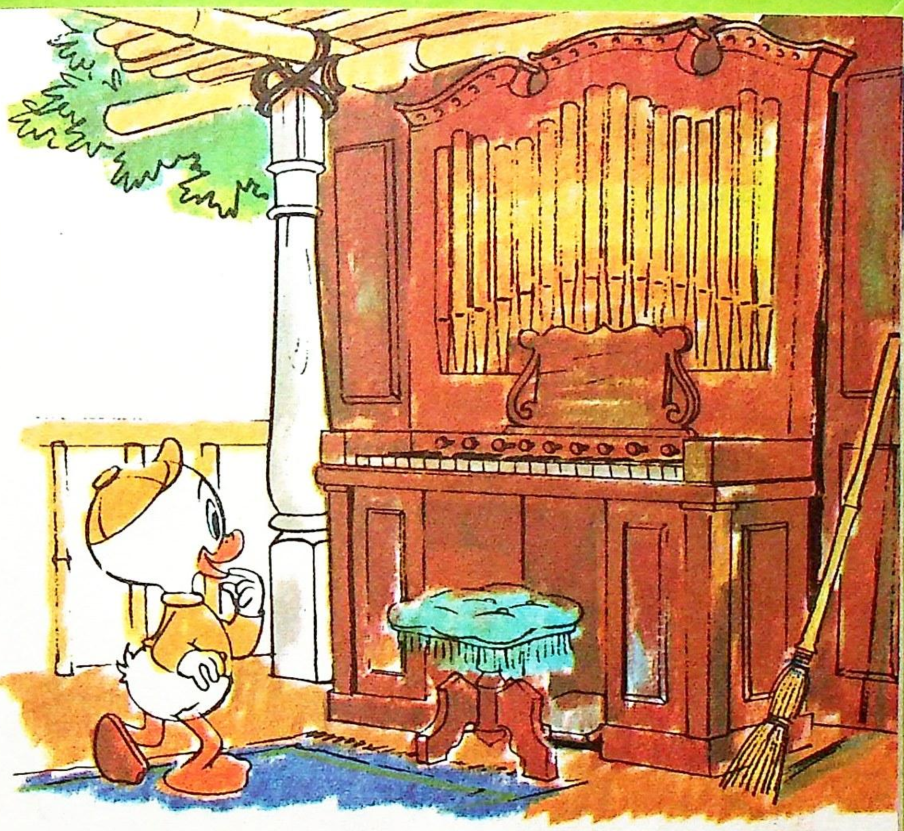


It was closing time and everyone else had gone home. But Donald and his nephews, Huey, Louie, and Dewey, were still at Disneyland. They had just reached the Swiss Family Tree House.

"A Swiss family named Robinson lived here," Donald explained. "They were shipwrecked on an island and built themselves this tree house out of what was left of the ship."

"Look!" said Dewey excitedly. "There's the ship's steering wheel!"

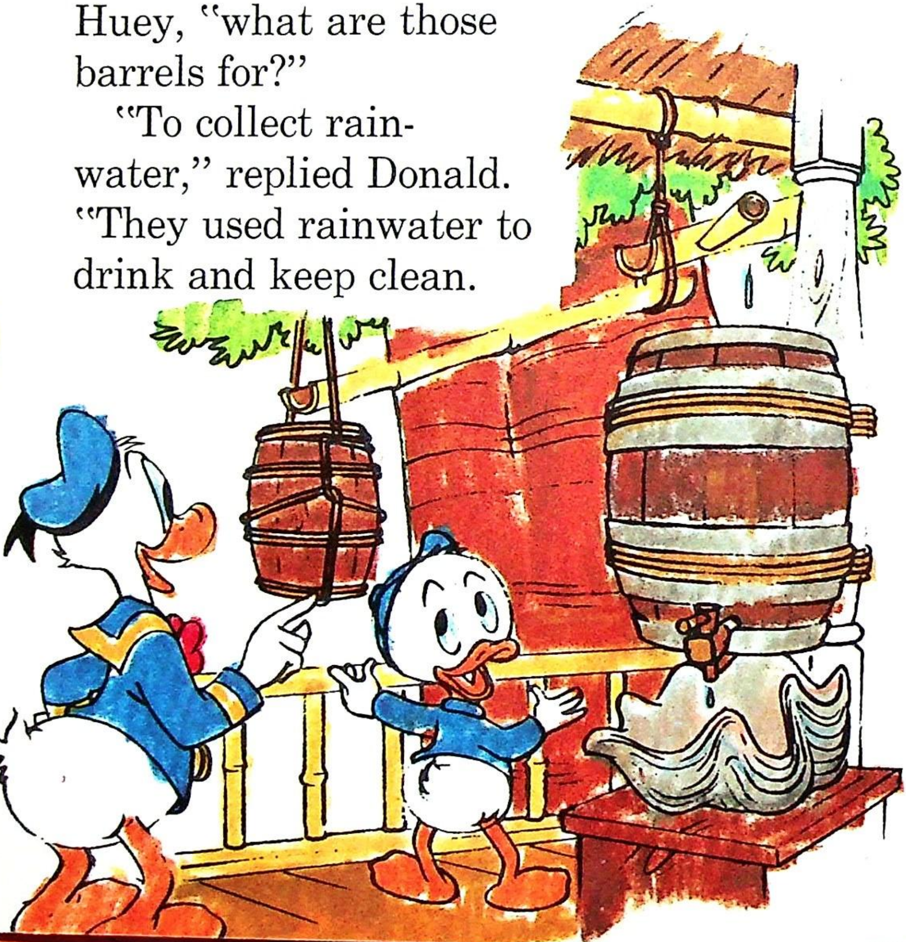


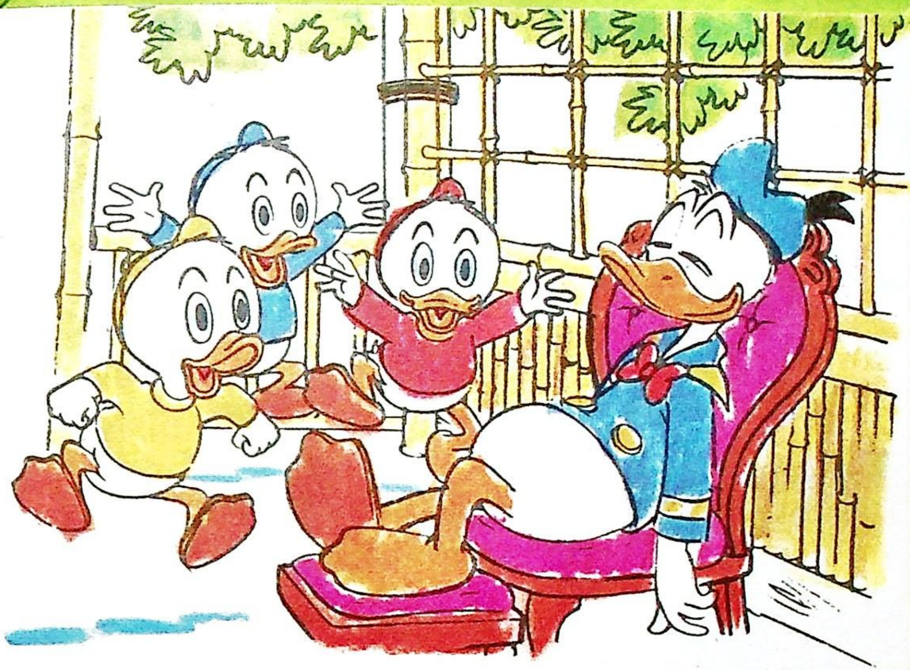


"And the pipe organ from the ship," said Louie. "They had music instead of television."

"Unca Donald," said Huey, "what are those barrels for?"

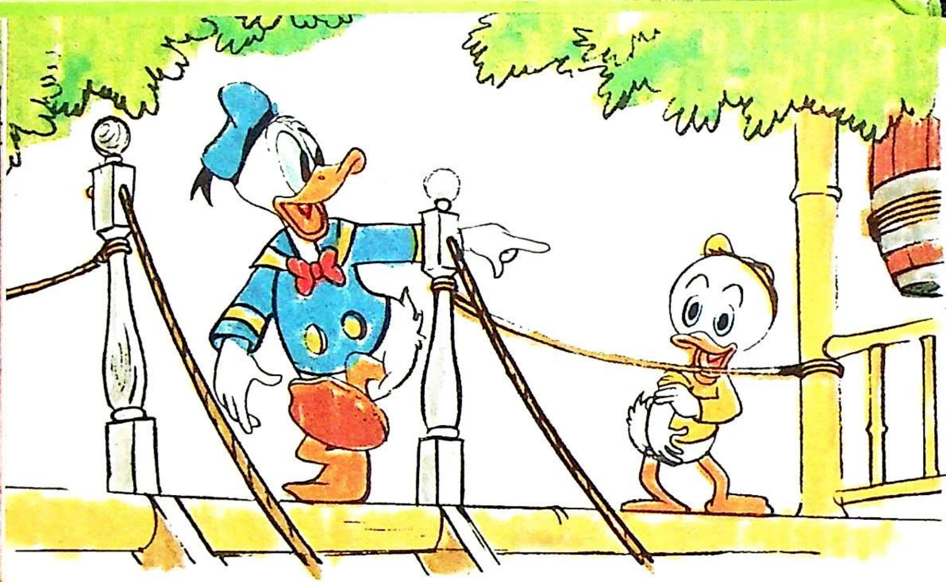
"To collect rain-water," replied Donald. "They used rainwater to drink and keep clean.





"This is the life," he sighed. "Peace and quiet, no hustle and bustle, all alone in the wilderness!"

Huey, Louie, and Dewey looked at each other. Then they began jumping up and down excitedly.

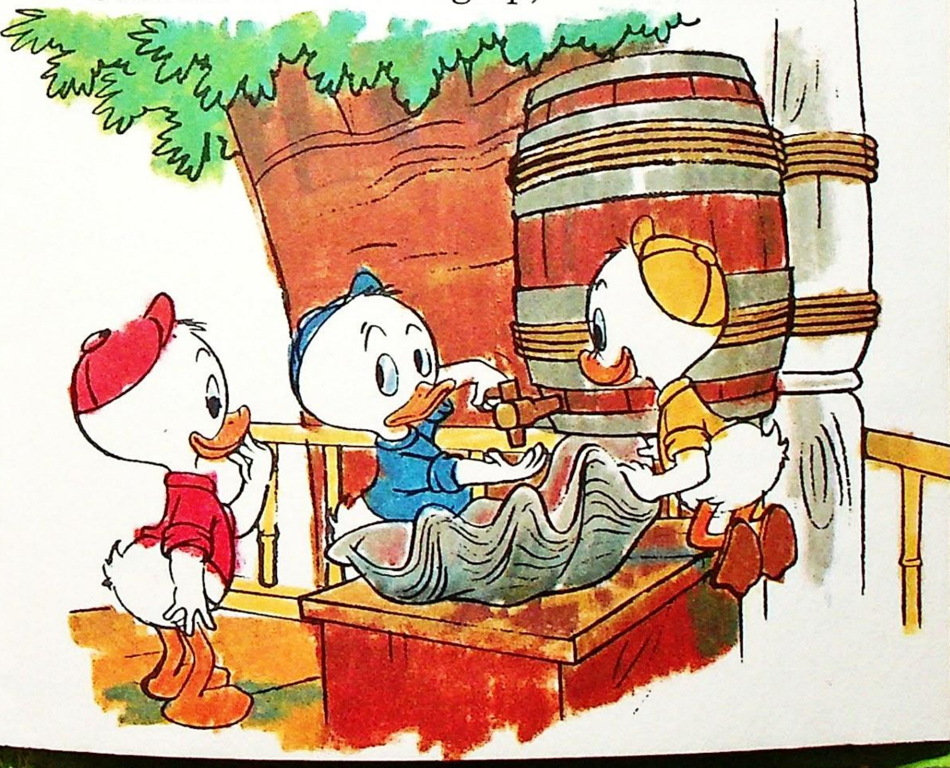


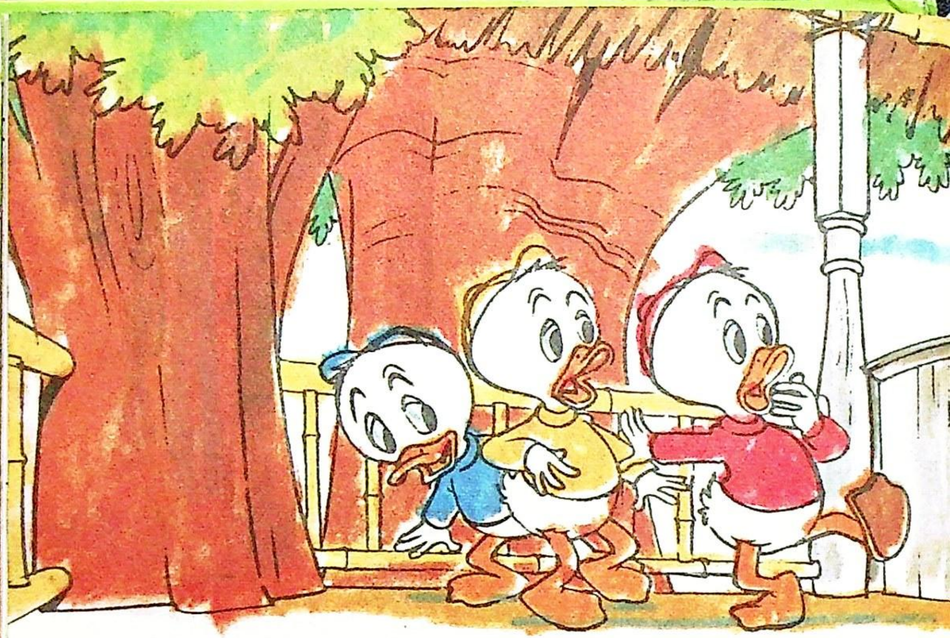
"Unca Donald," cried Louie. "Let's spend the night here in the tree house, just like the Robinsons did!"

"Just what I had in mind, boys," smiled Donald. "We'll stay overnight, and you'll see how peaceful the simple life can be. Now, wash up, and I'll go pick some fruit for dinner."

When Donald left, the boys went to the basin to wash. But they could get no water from the spigot.

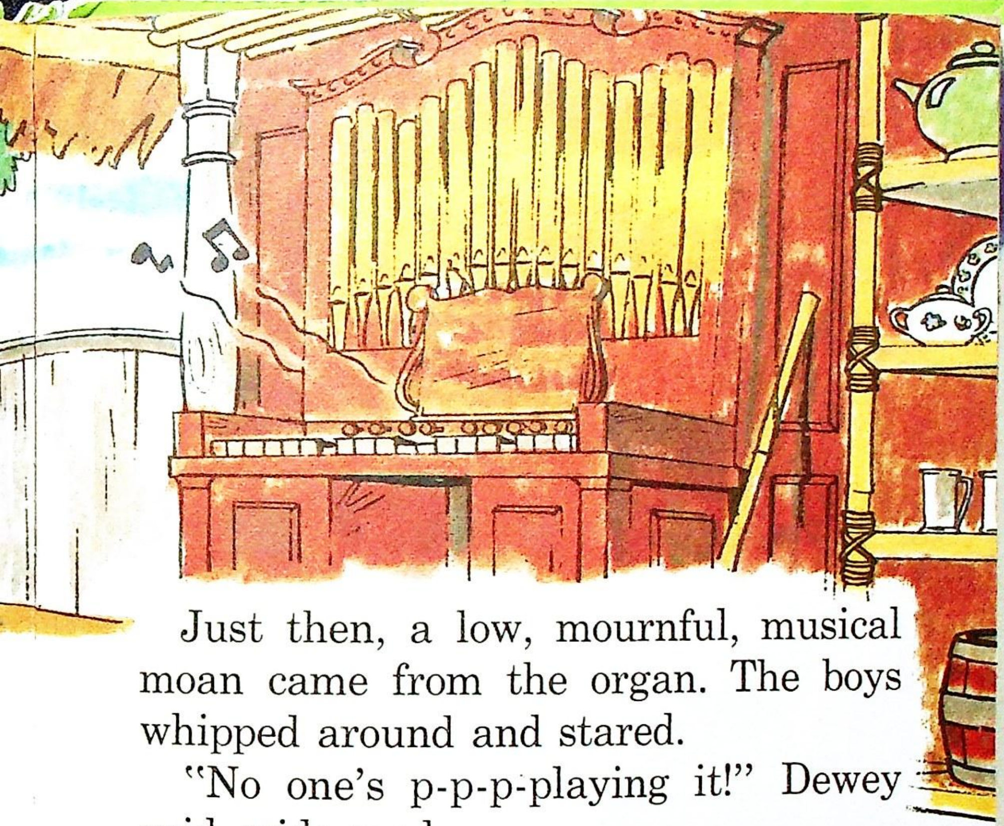
"Well, anyway, now we have an excuse for not washing up," chuckled Louie.





As they waited for Donald to return, Dewey looked around curiously. "I wonder what happened to the Swiss family?" he said. "Do you suppose they're on vacation?"

"That was a long, long, long time ago," said Huey. "They're gone now."



Just then, a low, mournful, musical moan came from the organ. The boys whipped around and stared.

"No one's p-p-p-playing it!" Dewey said, wide-eyed.

"It must be a ghost!" whispered Louie. "Somebody from the Swiss Family Robinson must still be here!"

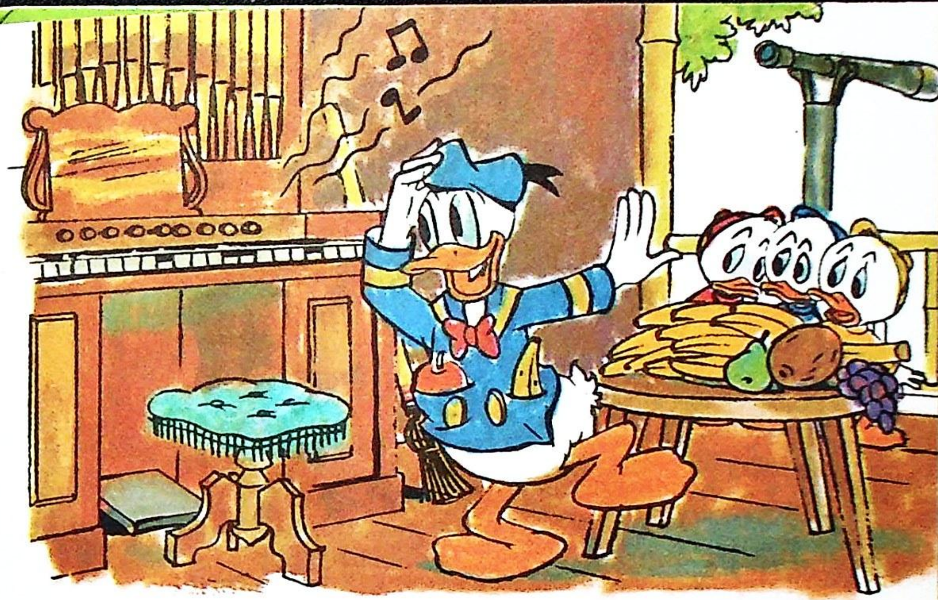
At that moment, Donald came back, carrying an armload of fruit.

"What's the matter, boys?" he asked, seeing their frightened faces.

"A g-g-g-ghost!" shivered Huey.

"A ghost was playing the organ, Unca Donald," Louie explained.

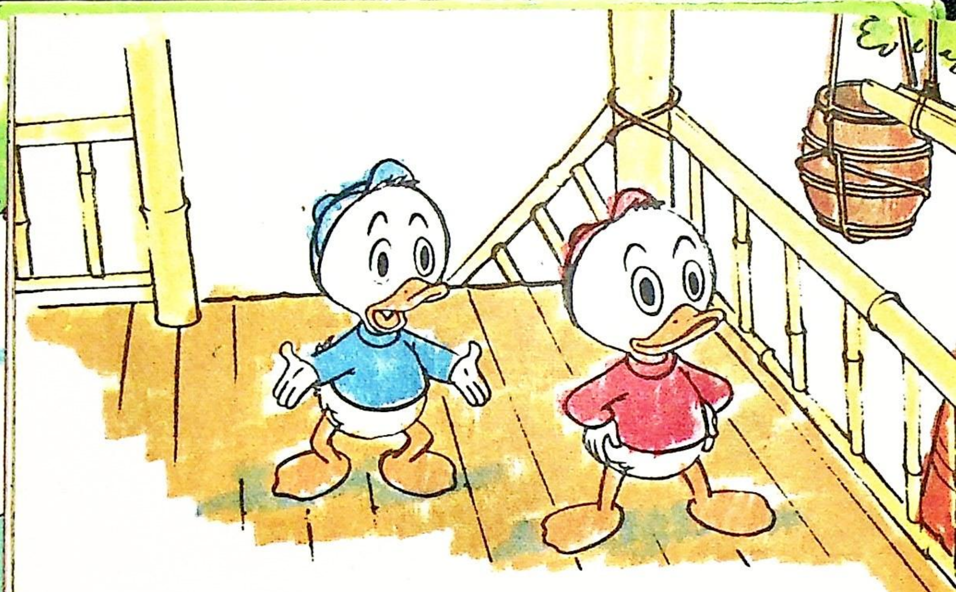




And, as if to prove him right, the same low musical moan came from the organ again.

Donald put the fruit on the table and went to the organ and inspected it.

"Nonsense," he said. "That was probably just the sound of the wind blowing through the pipes.



"Now," he went on, "are you boys all washed up and ready for dinner?"

"We couldn't wash, Unca Donald," said Huey. "We can't get any water from the rain barrel."

"Hmm," said Donald suspiciously, "we'll see about that." And he climbed up on the barrel and peered in.

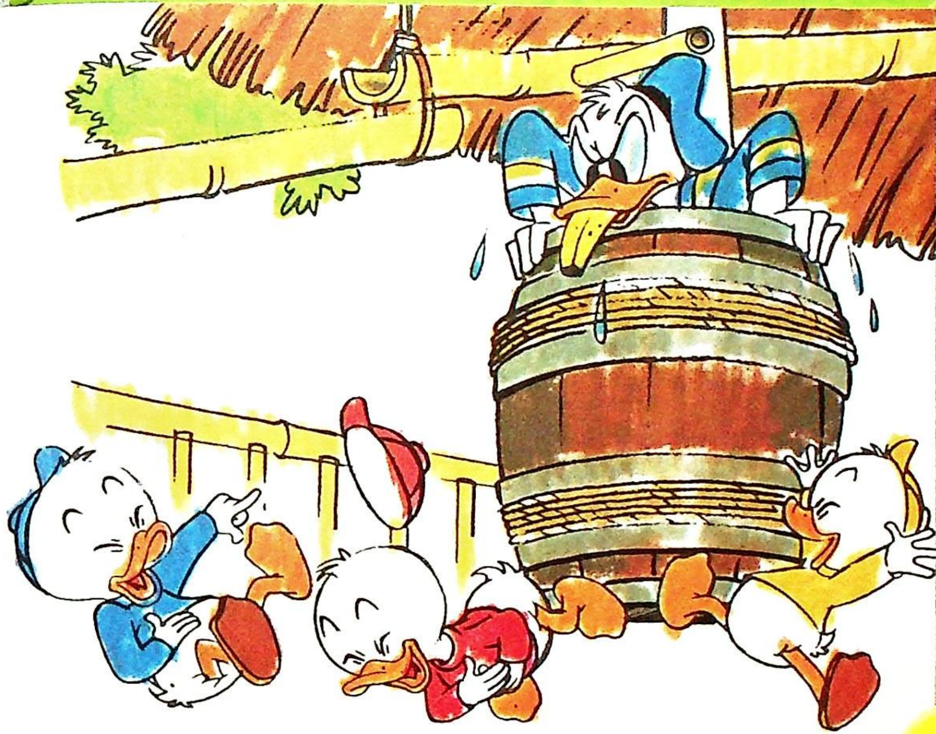
"Plenty of water," he said. "Maybe the spigot is plugged up."

"If you want to get to the bottom of the problem, Unca Donald," grinned Louie, "lean over a little further."



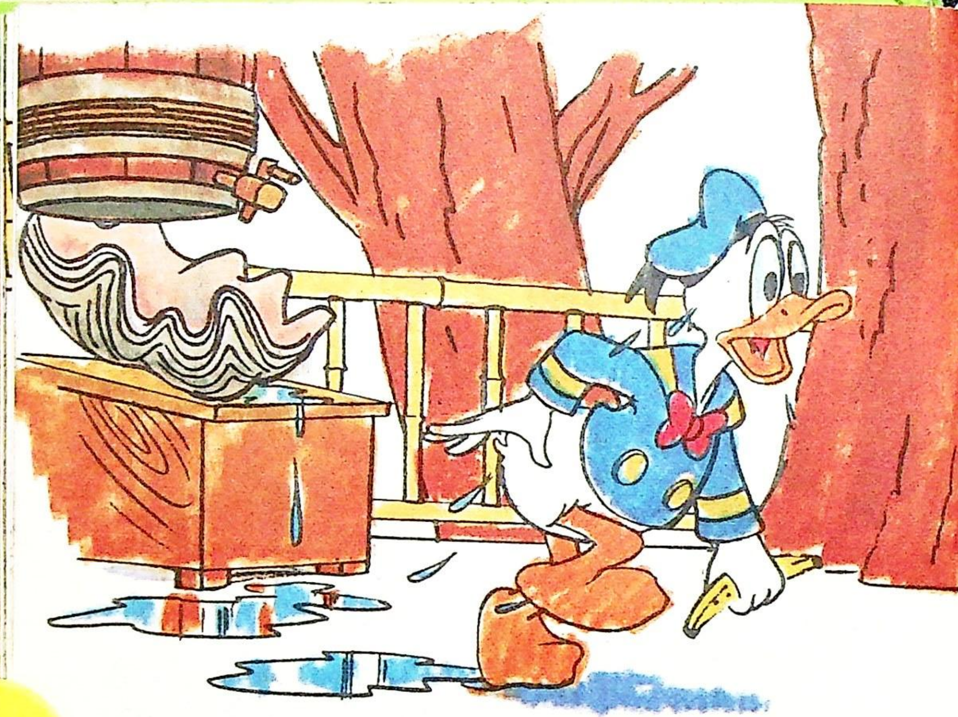
Donald did — and *in* he went, right down to the *bottom* of the barrel!





Huey, Louie, and Dewey laughed so hard the tree house shook.

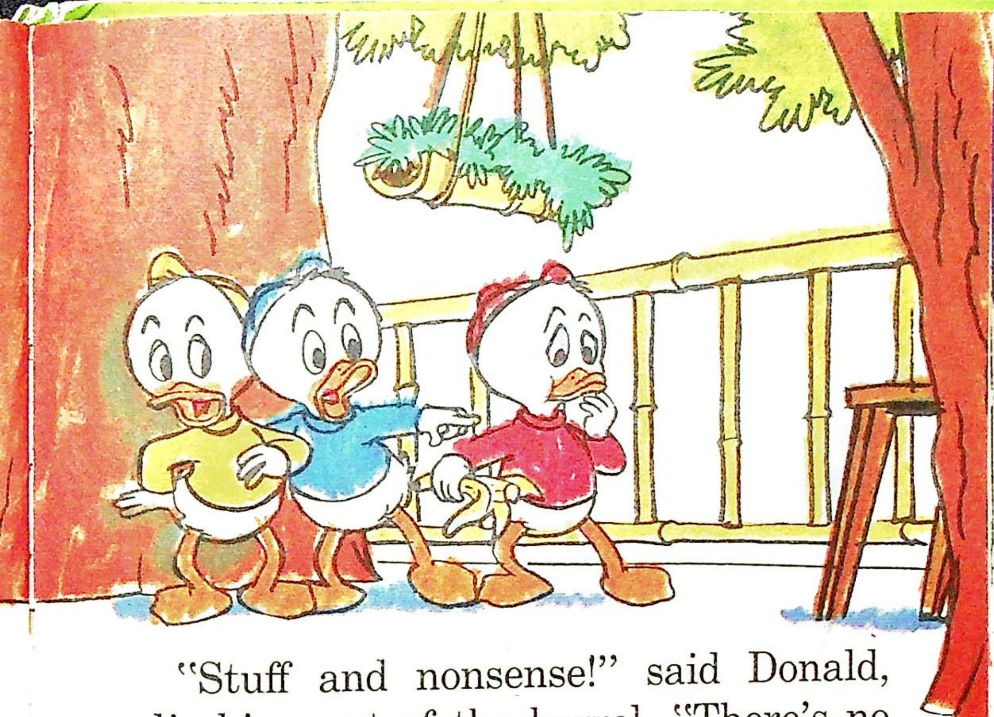
Then Donald came up, sputtering and spouting — and holding a big, ripe yellow banana.



"This is what was plugging up the plumbing," said Donald crossly. "I wonder who put it there."

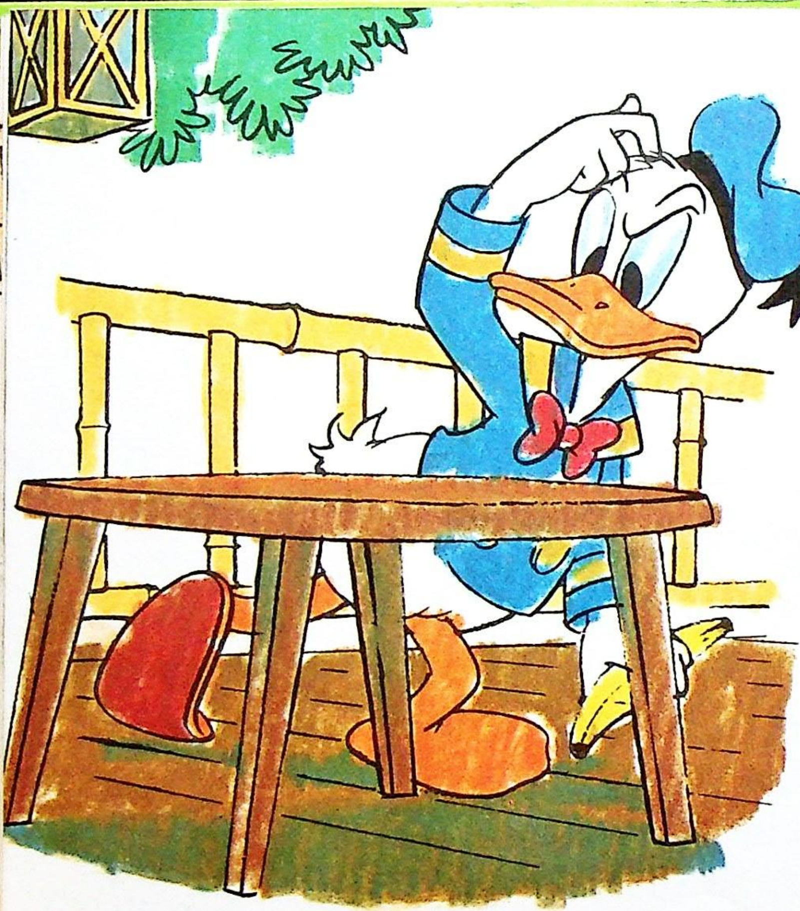
The boys stopped laughing.

"The ghost!" they shuddered.

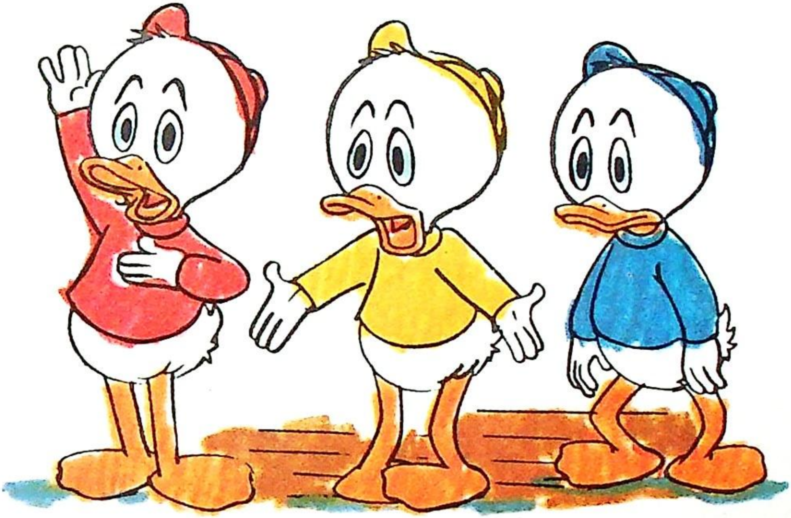


"Stuff and nonsense!" said Donald, climbing out of the barrel. "There's no such thing as a ghost. If you want my opinion, I think that banana was put there by three boys named—"

Donald stopped and stared puzzledly at the table where he had put the fruit.

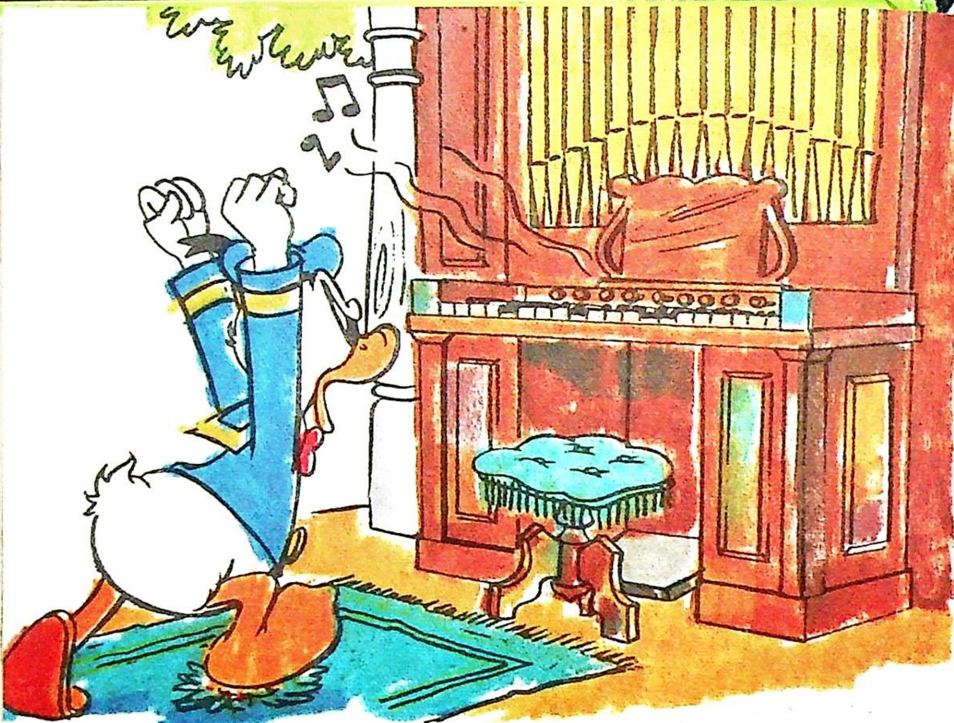


THE TABLE WAS EMPTY!



"All right — enough of your tricks!" he stormed. "Where's our dinner!"

"Honest, Unca Donald," said Huey, "we didn't take it. It was the ghost. The ghost plugged up the spigot, and took the dinner, and played the organ. Honest, it wasn't us."

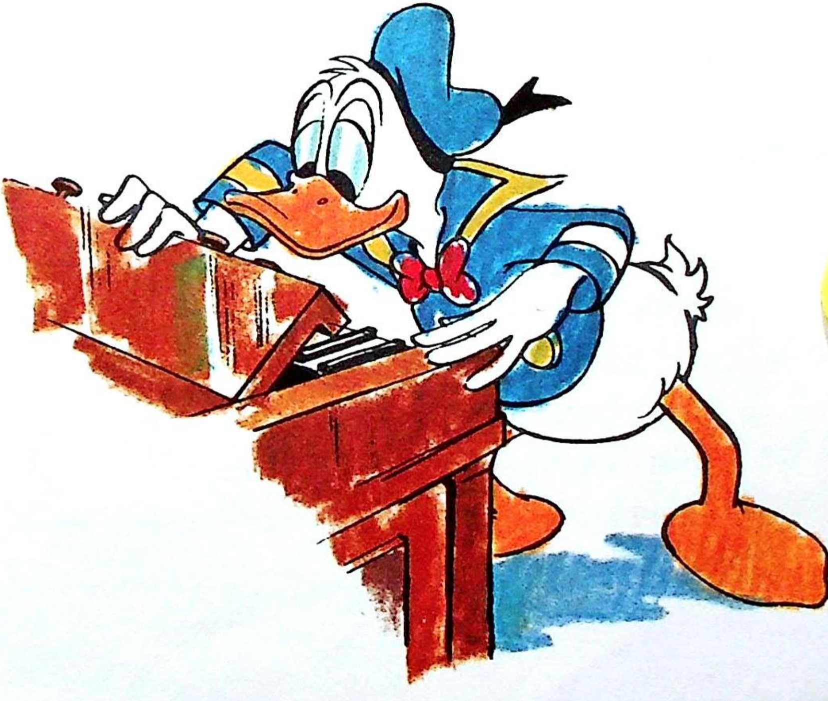


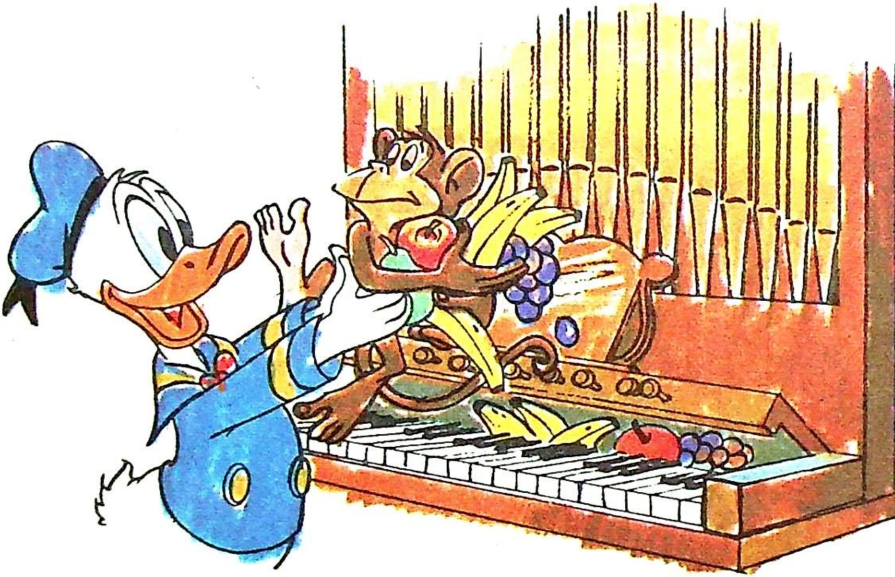
And then, once again, the same eerie music came from the organ.

As the boys huddled together, Donald stomped over to it. "There are no ghosts!" he said positively.

Donald opened the top of the organ and looked in. And as he did a big grin spread over his face.

"Here's your ghost!" he said to the boys, reaching in.





Out of the organ Donald pulled an impish-looking little monkey. The monkey was clutching the fruit that Donald had picked for dinner.

The boys gathered around.

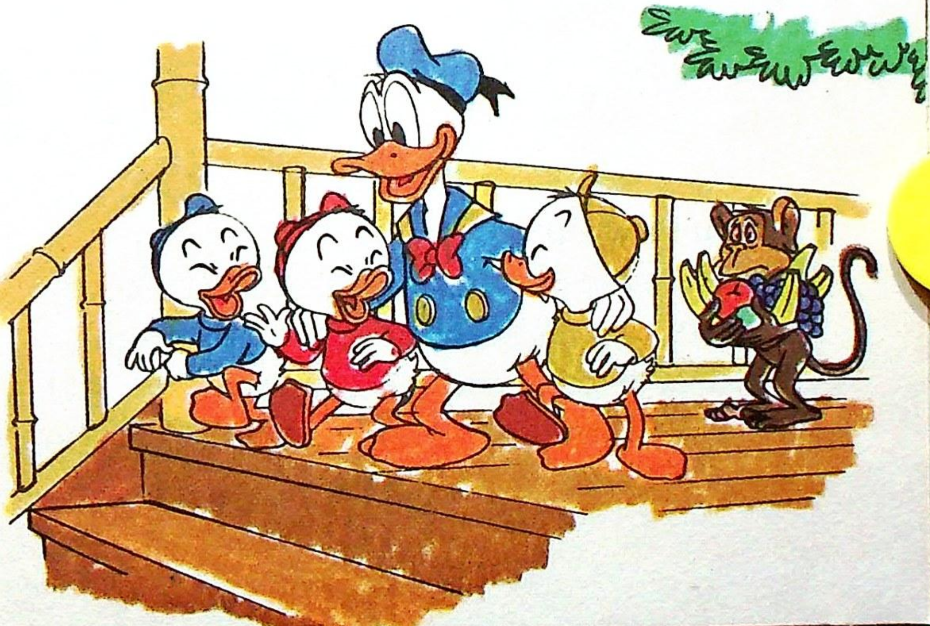
"I guess this is *his* home now," said Donald.

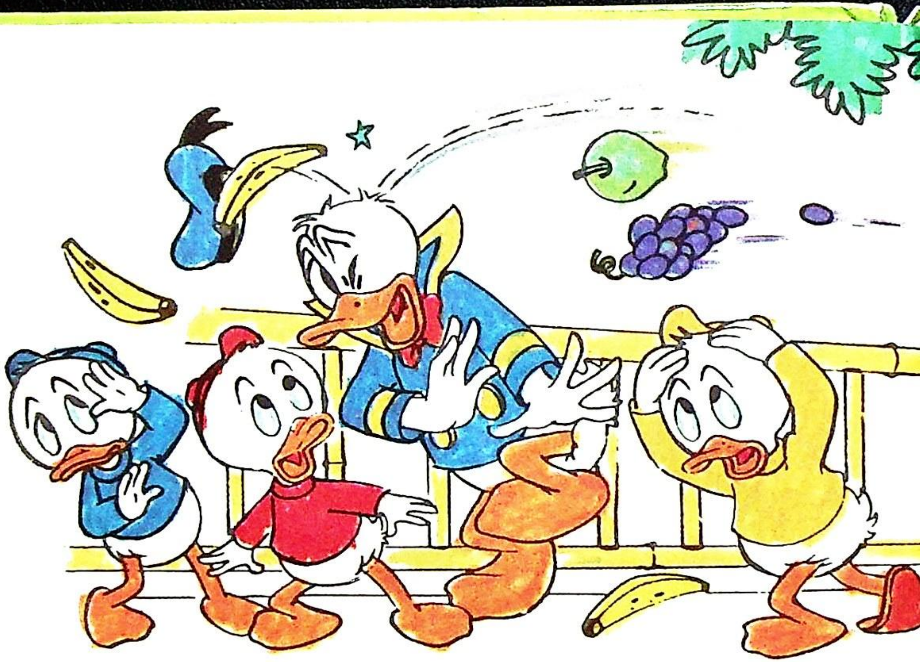
"And he didn't want overnight visitors," laughed Dewey.

"So he played ghost," said Huey.

"Let's go home, boys," said Donald, releasing the little monkey.

But just as Donald and his nephews started to leave . . .

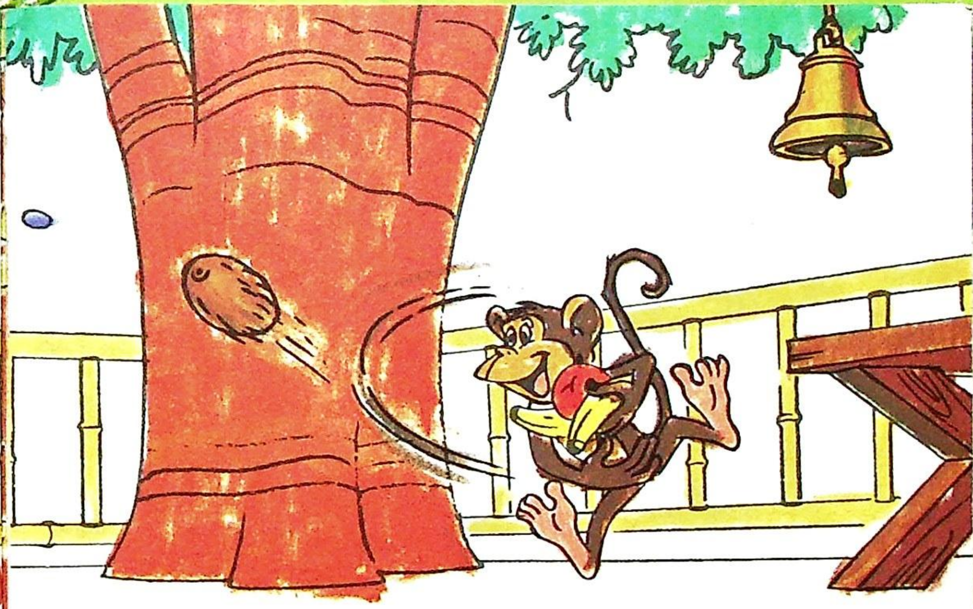




it started raining fruit.

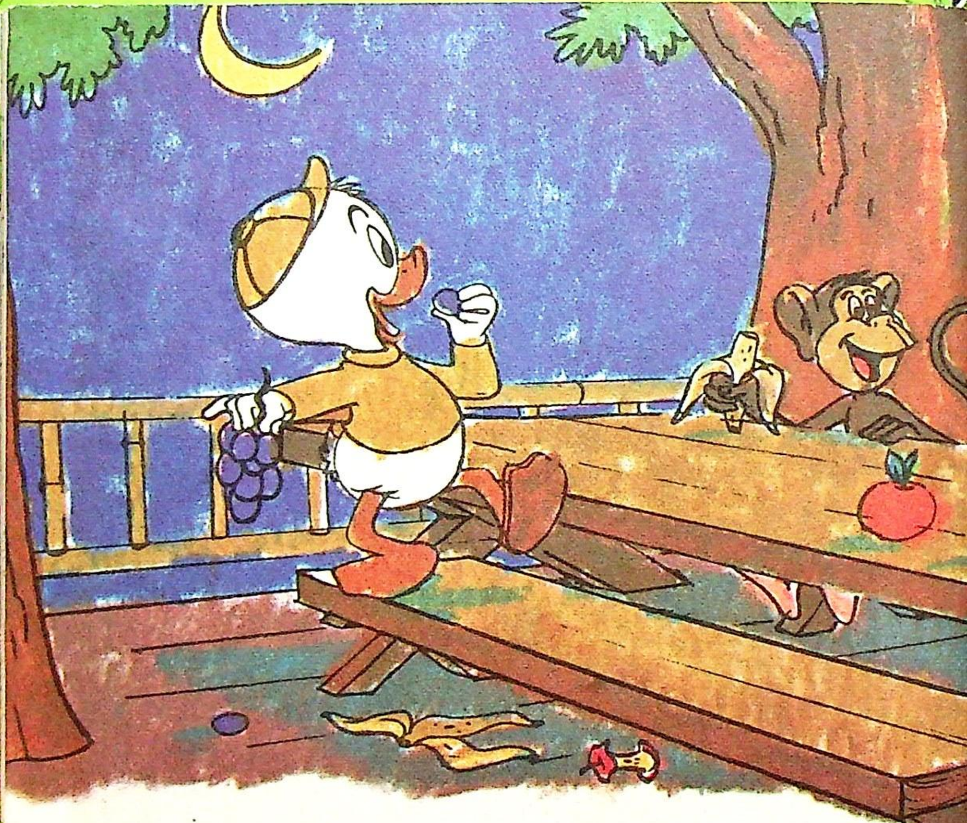
They turned and saw the little monkey looking very sad.

Donald suddenly understood. "All those tricks meant that he *likes* us," he said. "That's the way monkeys are."



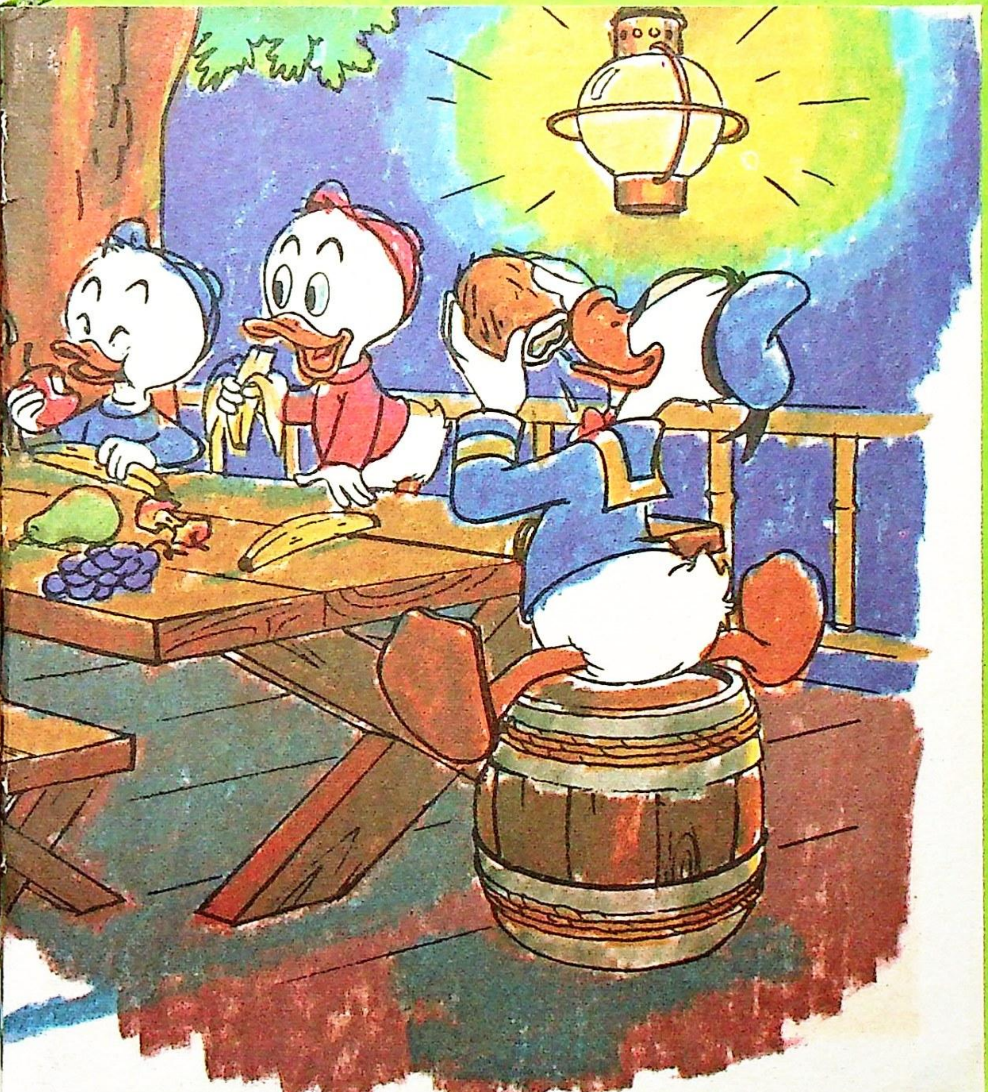
"And he's throwing fruit to invite us to dinner," said Louie.

Then, to show that Louie was right, the monkey began flinging fruit again — this time grinning a big, wide grin.



And he kept right on grinning all through dinner.

And so did Huey, Louie, and Dewey.



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